ENEMIES OF AGES PAST. STORY OF A BATTLE TOLD BY THE ONES OF TWO MONSTERS.

A Forty-Ton Dinosaur That Attacked Hundred-Ton Dinosaur in Geological Times Marks of the Combat Still to Be seen on the Skeletons in the Museum. Evidences of a mighty battle which took place 2.000,000 years ago or so have just been received at the American Museum of Natural History in New York. It was fought between two of the biggest animals that ever lived. one a herbivorous dinosaur [terrible lizard]. about ninety feet long, and the other a flesheating dinosaur, probably twenty-five or thirty feet long and weighing thirty or forty The details of this battle are as clearly known as if it had happened yesterday, and the body of the monstrous victim lies outstretched in Central Park. For Dr. Wortman, who has charge of the Museum's field work in paleontology, has read the story of the fight in the skeleton which he unearthed and brought to New York, a part of a shipment of two whole

earloads of huge bones.

The fight took place in what is now the Wroming, but then the shore of a great inland sea which extended in a northerly and southerly direction through the centre of the United States. Here among the tropical grass and palms these huge animals lived and waded, and here those that ate flesh preyed upon those that fed on vegetation. When the huge dinosaur, the skeleton of which Dr. Wortman has found, was killed, it sank down in the soft coze and there, as the sea receded, it slowly petrified and lay for uncounted years. And there it was unearthed and photographed. Along its enormous tail bones Dr. Wortman has found deep ridges showing where its enemy's claws struck down and stripped off the flesh, and some of the lower vertebres are entirely broken off, giving some idea of the violence of the attack.

The flesh-eating dinosaur, which was some thing the shape of an enormous kangaroo. must have erept up from behind and taken its prey by surprise, as a tiger falls on an ox, and by the flerceness of the onslaught overcame an animal twice its size. Inasmuch as there is no evidence of the bones having attempted to mend themselves, the attack must have caused the death of the herbivorous animal.

The dinosaur, brontosaur, morosaur, diplo doors and others of the same order lived during the Urassic and the late Triassic ages. Some of them were only as large as the common rab bit lothers reached the great length of seventy. eighty and ninety feet. Occasionally frag mentary skeletons have been found in Europe, Asia, Africa and even Australia, but the greatest number and the most perfect remains have been found in the Americas. The Rad Lands of the West are found in places to be literally underlaid with the bones of dino

saurs. They are of such curious shape and odd formation that geologists are enabled by means of them to draw no uncertain picture of the conditions which existed on earth dur-

odd formation that geologists are enabled by means of them to draw no uncertain picture of the conditions which existed on earth during these early ages. From the teeth they are enabled to say just what kind of food the snimal lived on; from the shape of the feet they ean state the kind of ground he trod upon. From another fossil they are enabled to state that the animals had cannibalistic traits. That is, a carnivorous species killed and ate a her-bivorous species. The work of finding, transporting, mounting and studying these great bones is highly interesting. Special niches have been made in the American Museum to receive the mounted skeletons. The complete skeleton of the new dinosaur will weigh probably 2,000 pounds. Compare such a monster with the skeleton of a mastodon, which will weigh probably 2,000 pounds, and the mention of great steel girders to hold it in position will not seem superfluous.

Some years ago, said Dr. Wortman, "there used to be discovered in Connecticut and in other New England States curious marks in the rocks which were said to have been made by the feet of fossil birds. These footprints were very large, and it followed that if they were made by a bird it must have been gigantic. By a little stretching of the process whereby an anatomist takes a single bone and builds up a skeleton from it some scientists attempted from these footprints to suggest the whole external appearance of the 'bird' that made them. Perhaps the process did no harm in the long run, for it stimulated research for this monster bird. This was about 1835. For years the belief gained advocates. In 1847 a few bones were found near upper law with teeth evidently from this same animal was found in Prince Edward Island, Candad, In Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Mexico and in other places skeletons or parts of skeletons were found, and finally by the old process of outting two and two together it came to be recognized that at one time there must have lived a great, rentile-like creature which etons were found, and finally by the old pro-cess of putting two and two together it came to be recognized that at one time there must have lived a great, reptile-like creature which walked the earth, lived and died and gave un-its hones for the enlightenment of posterity. The bird tracks mentioned above had now been discussed for half a century, till one day when the feet of the great reptile were pieced out it was suddenly found that they would fit the bird tracks assetty. The consection of the out it was suddenly found that they would fit the bird tracks exactly. The connection de-stroved an old theory, but it paid for this with

out it was suddenly found that they would fit the bird tracks exactly. The connection destroyed an old theory, but it paid for this with new inferences. It strengthened the clues for research and enabled geologists to proceed more certainly in quest of the reptile bones which had been discovered.

"Meantime it was found by this same process of generalizing evidence that North America once was divided by a sea which rached from the Guilf of Mexico to the Arctic Ocean, Its castern shore lay along the line where the Missouri River is now. Its western shore was as far west as Utah. It was salt and had tides and current the same as the Atlante Ocean. In later ages the gradual elevation of the land caused the close of the northern and southern outlets of this sea, changing it into a lake, in which the water gradually got fresh, and causing changes in the animal forms on its banks. During Miocean times the lake reached from the Dakotas to lower Texas. Its eastern shore extended through South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Okiahoma, and Texas, where the shore line made a great loop just north of the Rio Grande, and, reached backfoorth again through New Mexico. Colorado, Wyoming, and South Dakota. Cheyenne, Chadron, Sidney, Oberlin Kearney, Wichita, and other Western cities are now situated on land which once was under water. The White, the Platte, the North Platte, the Arkansas, the Canadian, and other less significant rivers, now flow over the raised bed of this old-time sea. In later ages it dried up entirely, and the ground became elevated far above what it was. But while it lasted it dominated the character of animal life in its vicinity. It was quite tropical, and during lower Mioceae times its banks fostered many animals which now live around the equator, such as llamas, monkeys, tapirs, the rainoseros, large peccaries and rodents. At another period its banks harbored the short limbed rinoceros, mastdons, three-toothed horses, small camels, wolves and sabore-toothed horses, small camels, wolves and sabore-toothed hors the equator, such as liamas, monkeys, tapirs, the rinnoeros, large peccaries and rodents. At another period its banks harbored the short limbed rilinoceros, mastodons, three-toed horses, small cameis, wolves and sabre-toothed tigers. Its aquatic animals were numerous, for its beaches were shallow a long way out.

"In the mass of fossils obtained from its shores were found the bones of many species of dinosaurs, the animal whose bird-like footprints had-been attracting attention in the fast for half a century. Not only were these skelstons found, but they were found in such fast for half a century, which were these skelstons found, but they were found in such fast for half a century, the summarce and habits. Among others Prof. O. C. Marsh of Yale Coilege has done much in restoring the external form of these animals. From a set of bones somewhat incomplete. Prof. Marsh made a restoration of a complete skeleton, and a flerce looking animal it was. I am speaking now of the largest species. But ormidable as it was, I am afraid Prof. Marsh did not go far enough. He did not make his animal long enough. A skeleton which we dug ub during the past summer was actually much longer than Marsh's computation. Instead of seventy feet, as was supposed, I find the animal really reached a length of probably binety feet. Quite a monater! Here is the femur, or thigh bone, broken into three sections. See if you can lift one of them. Better still, I will have the whole bone put together, and you can get some idea of its size."

He called to his assistants, and they, with some straining, placed the three sections of the femur together, standing the bone on end. It was as thick as the smokestack of a locomove, quite as black and about six feet high. There were numbers of species of these edinals, continued Dr. Wortman. "Some of them were herbivorous variety. Tet the vestable feeders were vastly greater in size than their thoughtnirsty relatives. I will mention only a few species, for after all, it is the summal as class that is of popu

pads in its lower legs would need some sustaining power like water to hold up the tone of weight in its body. Probably it stood for some time on land each day, but it must have had the water to retire to when necessary, otherwise the soft padlike structures of its legs must soon have become castided into hard bone.

"The supposed new species of dinosaura which I was fortunate enough to uncover was entombed in rocks of the Bad Lands of Wyoming. It is of the earnivorous variety, of the very species may be which, inflicted the wound in the tail of the herbivorous dinosaur of which I have spoken to you. He was built like a kangaroo. That is, he had short foreign but enormous hindlers and tail. He used his tail to sit uron quite as much as a kangaroo. But he was thirty feet long and much more formidable in proportion. His laws were powerful and his great pointed teeth were fully six inches long and had serrated edges. He had claws too, great powerful talons, like those of the hawk or the eagle. A true monster, if ever there was one, and unite able to inflict the great gashes which I found in the back and tail of the other fossal."

Concerning the manner in which these great fossil bones are found, dug, transported and mounted. Dr. Wortman said: "Of course, we have some intimate knowledge of the presence of tossils in a community before we start. When we reach the precise snot indicated by our information, we delve into the rock where the fossil is not exposed by carefully chipping away the exterior until we come upon the fossil ties. The rock in which the direction that the given of the cossil of the said if it is a large one, or around the whole fossil if it is a small one, we incase it in plaster of paris, which holds it together on the way to the laboratory.

"When we get it here we go carefully to work chipping away the exterior in the back and in the own that the divisions of a mosaic are as nothing in comparison. It is what might be called a cubit mosaic, the eracks running through and through the block as wel

ERIE DOCUMENTS MISSING.

Discovery That Important Old Papers Are

Not on File at Albany, ALBANY, Dec. 10.-The act granting a charter o the New York and Eric Railroad Company became a law April 24, 1832. By its provisions the company was required to file its articles of incorporation with the Secretary of State to complete the legality of the incorporation. At the session of the Legislature in 1834 an appropriation of \$15,000 was authorized to pay expenses of a survey for the proposed railroad between the Hudson River and Lake Erie. The survey was in charge of Benjamin Wright, engineer of war, together with many maps and profiles of

the Eric Canal. It was completed during the the country along the route, and drawings of original plans for grading, tracks, bridges, superstructure, machinery, appliances for motive lower, carriages, &c. These reports and exhibits were of high interest, showing as they did the curious methods devised in the infant days of rairoad building for the construction and operation of the pioneer trunk line between tidewater and the lakes, and the discovery has been made that they are no longer among the archives of the State.

been made that they are no longer among the archives of the State.

Some time ago a newspaper correspondent applied to the State Department for a list of the original directors of the New York and Erie Railroad Company. Search among the records of the department revealed that the articles of incorporation were not on file there and that there was no record that any such paper had ever been deposited in the office of the Secretary of State. Subsequently the same correspondent inquired of the State Engineer's department for some information as to the character of the maps, profiles and drawings that accompanied the reports of Engineer Wright and his assistants on the Erie survey of 1834. Deputy State Engineer had been survey of 1834. Deputy State Engineer had been the department failed to discover any such documents on file there. He said that they must have been deposited in the office of the Secretary of State, and he applied to that department for information on the subject. Long and careful search of the records there failed to reveal the existence of the valuable papers or any record that they had ever been in the custody of that department.

John A. Dix was Secretary of State when Engineer Wright submitted his report of the New York and Erie Railroad, and on Jan. 14, 1835, the Assembly by resolution called upon him to communicate the same to that body. He evidently was not yet in possession of them at that date, for it was not until Jan. 29 that he He evidently was not yet in possession of them at that date, for it was not until Jan. 29 that he sent his messenger to the Assembly with "the

sent his messenger to the Assembly with "the profiles, maps and accompanying report of Benjamin Wright of the survey of a railroad from New York to Lake Erie," the paper being under date of Jan. 20. This is the only record of the disposal of the documents anywhere to be found at Albany, and search among the legislative archives has thus far failed to discover any trace of the missing papers. The articles of incorporation of the New York and Erie Railroad Company never having been deposited with the Secretary of State, in violation of the law creating it, has the Erie Company really any legal existence?

PILGRIMS TO THE OCEAN.

Three Western Women on Bockaway's Snow-Packed Sands Vote It a Success.

A few days after the first big snowstorm three women arrived in the city from an inland town beyond the Mississippi River. It was their first trip East. After they had taken quarters in a hotel they sent for the manager. and the speaker of the party said to him: "We are three greenhorns from the West. We came here to see New York. We came at

this season so as to avoid the crush of what you call the regular season. We are going to be here three weeks. We have sent for you to

you call the regular seasen. We are going to be here three weeks. We have sent for you to ask you to suggest the interesting sights. We want no guide. We will select our own places of amusement, and you may trust us to do the shopping districts without any assistance.

At the end of two weeks the women sent for the manager again and told him they had done his list of attractions, and that they had been interested in all he had suggested. The speaker of the trio then said:

"But there is one sight we have not seen and it is the one of which we have talked of most. You people who live in the East have little conception of what it is that we who live in the interior actually pine for, dream of, and hunger for. It is the ocean. Have you any idea how many thousands there are in the West who have never seen a great body of water? Our idea of immensity is the desert or the mountain. But when we have looked upon these we return to our longing for the unseen ocean. Now, tell us, where is the ocean? This journey will be incomplete without a sight of it."

The manager assured his Western guests that they should see it, but he regretted that it was hardly the season. He was afraid they would think it rather a bleak sight. "We cannot think of the ocean as a bleak sight at any season," said the talking woman. "Only tell us where we can see it."

In the afternoon of that same day three women stood in the snow on the beach of Rockaway. They stood there while their noses turned blue, while their teeth chattered, while their cheeks ached.

"What was it Byron said about the ocean?" turned blue, while their tees, their cheeks ached.
"What was it Byron said about the ocean?" asked one of the women.
"What could be say?" asked the second "What could be say?" asked the second

"What could he say?" asked the second woman.
"He must have said it before he saw it." said the third woman. "because it is so overcoming in its immensity."
As they were leaving the hotel to take the train for the West, the talking woman said to the manager, in thanking him:
"We are going home satisfied. We have seen the only sight in the world that is bigger than the West."

MR. STAYBOLT'S PHILOSOPHY. More Fun to Be Found in Doing Things

Than in Putting Them Off. "Hard tasks," said Mr. Staybolt, "we are apt o put off until we feel more like it. But things happen all the time; the most curious and unexpected things are continually cropping up; we have not cast off one brake before another we have not east off one brake before another holds us fest, or would if we would let it; and we all take the break very easily.

"One does not need to be much of a mathematician to be able to cipher out that if we keep putting things off we shall put them finally beyond our power of doing. A far better way is to do the things as they come up without regard to whether we feel like it or not. Then we shall discover that the things that stopped us were really of no account at all, and before we know it the hard task is done and we are ready for another.

"And there's more fun in turning out one good big job complete than there is in any amount of puttering over trifles."

NAVAL HERO WORSHIPPERS

A PASSION THAT IS CHIEFLY A RAGE Admiral Schley Held Up in a Car-A Sur-

prise for Commodore Philip-Echoes of the Hobson Kiss-Raids on the Wardrooms-Some Women Who Give Souvenirs The train was running through snow-cov-

ered New Jersey lands bound from New York to Philadelphia. A man with a grayish mustache and imperial who had taken a fresh eigar from his pocket and then discovered that his matchsafe was empty, leaned across the smoking car aisle and asked his neighbor for a light. The latter surrendered his cigar without looking up, but as he received it again he raised his eyes.
"Pardon me," he said, with a puzzled air.

'I am sure I have met you before, but cannot remember where." There was an instant's pause, and then a flash of recognition. "Why, sir," he exclaimed, quickly, "I've given a light to Admiral Schley, haven't I?" "Yes, sir, you've done me that kindness,"

inswered the Admiral, smiling. The other man was a patriotic American, so there were handshakings and congratulations. The few other passengers in the car quickly became aware of the identity of their fellow traveller, and there were more handshakings. In fact, the Admiral was forced to hold a little Impromptu reception. Suddenly one man exclaimed:

"Admiral, I would like a little memento of this occasion. Won't you write something for me on this card?"

"Well, what shall I write?" asked the Admiral, taking the card.

"Oh, something about Santiago-anything that comes into your mind." Admiral Schley took a stubby lead pencil from his pocket, gazed pensively out of the ost in deep thought for an instant. Then he wrote: "It's a cold day, but it was warm at Santiago, and we made it hot for the Span-iards. Schley." This first yielding brought trouble upon the Admiral. He had to write sentiments of more or less-it was usually less-gravity upon nine other cards, and spin yarns all the way to Philadelphia. He was paying the penalty of fame, but, judging from his genial demeanor, he had no objections to doing so in this case.

Neither had Commodore Philip one afternoon at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, when visitors were still flocking there. Many of the sightseers were from rural districts, and some of the younger officers occasionally indulged in a little play upon their credulity. An officer on the New York was showing around the ship a party of four, consisting of an elderly woman and three girls still in their teens. A pause was made before a certain door and the officer informed his party that this was Commodore Philip's room. They asked if they might go in. answered the officer, "the Commodore is in there, and has got into the habit of expecting to be kissed by anyladies who

They thought this a little odd, but decided to go in. The officer left them at the door and sought a remote part of the ship. The visitors admired the Commodore's room at their leisure and then approached the Commodore, who was busy writing at his desk and had paid no attention to them. The chaperon spoke up and said that she considered it a privilege to kiss a hero, and one,

chaperon spoke up and said that she considered it a privilege to kiss a hero, and one, moreover, who hadn't forgotten to offer up thanks in the hour of victory. Then she planted a discreet kiss upon his forehead. The young women followed suit in the same place, and the party was gone before the Commodore, who is a very reserved man, had entirely recovered himself.

"I tell you this," said the Commodore in recording his experience, "for the good it will do in firing the young men of the service with added zeal for prominence."

The subject of kissing leads naturally up to Hobson, and Hobson to an anecdote an Ensign on the New York recently told a friend. The Ensign had been acting as escort to several young women who were curious to see the ship, and as he passed the door of the room that Hobson occuried just before he sank the Merrimac the Ensign casually mentioned the fact. The girls stopped at once and insisted upon entering. They sat on Hobson's chairs and bed, examined everything minutely and asked a hundred questions.

"And this is Hobson's, too, isn't it?" eagerly asked one of them, lodking at a wornout uniform hangling in the corner. The Ensign murmured what the girls took for "yes."

"Oh, if I dared!" exclaimed the girl hesitatingly, and then said with sudden decision. "Yes, I will: I'm going to have a button."

"A button!" exclaimed the leader of the party with some scorn. "Why, Mr. Hobson will never wear that uniform again. It's too old. I believe I'll take the whole coat."

The others were silenced by this plece of daring, and all looked quickly toward the Ensign. He merely smiled but his silence was a sufficient consent, and they took possession of the coat.

was a sufficient consent, and they took pos-session of the coat.

"If you are going to take the jacket, you had better take it all," suggested the Ensign. "Hobson would have no use for the other part alone." And so they bundled it all up in a piece of brown paper and hurried off the ship, as if they feared the Ensign would change his mind.

"Hobson would have no use for the other part alone." And so they bounded it all up in a piece of brown paper and hurried off the ship, as if they feared the Ensign would change his mind.

"What are those girls lugging off with them?" asked the officer of the deck as the girls went down the gangplank carrying their package tenderly.

"Oh, that's a souvenir," answered the Ensign, laushing. "It's a wornout uniform of some petty officer, but they think it's Hobson's and insisted upon taking it, and I wasn't hard hearted enough to disappoint them."

After telling this anecdote illustrative of the ways of the souvenir hunters, the Ensign went on to deliver a little discourse upon them and upon visitors to the ships in general. He said that some one on the ship had classified the feminine army of visitors into three corps, the souvenir hunters, the knowledge seekers and the hero worshippers. Many of the members of each corps were, of course, members of the other two, but the ruling passion of the individual, member decided her chief allegiance. The hero worshippers were usually the youngest and least experienced, and most of them were also souvenir kunters. The knowledge seekers were serious minded young womenteachers, college girls and others, who came armed with note books in which they jotted down all they were told about the ship by the officer showing them around. Many of the knowledge seekers felt superior toward the hero worshippers and scornful toward the souvenir hunters. The last were the most spirited and determined of the army of invasion. They made some use of strategy, but more of splendid daring.

"Parcon me, sir, but"—the Ensign and a friend had been leaning on the bulwarks looking out over the water when the above words in a girlish voice assailed them from behind. They turned and saw a girl of perhaps 17, with light, fluffy curls and large blue eyes, which met the Ensign's.

"Excuss me, 'she began again, 'but haven't you any nice bright buttons on your uniform? I want to cut off just one. It wouldn't

"I almost escaped that time," said the Ensign. "but I never do. I might as well give in. or rather, give up, first as last. It is tradition." he went on, that a naval officer can refuse a lady nothing. Personally, I have given away at least a thousand buttons and cartridges and little knick-knacks. Many of them, of course, had no stecial value, and yet there were some which I had fully intended to keep. When we boarded the Maria Teresa, for example, I found some Spanish half dollars which had been melted together in twos and threes by the flames of the burning ship. Bearing this direct evidence of the heat of battle, so to speak, I intended to reserve at least two or three for paperweights. But the girls were irresistible. I haven't one left.

"Some of the visitors don't even trouble themselves to ask for the things they want. They just take them. Somebody started a raid on the wine glasses hanging above the dinner table the other day, and thirty-three of them had disappeared before the appropriation was discovered. You notice I use the word appropriation. No stronger word would do. Why, even the personal friends of officers have such an itching paim for souvenirs that almost always when there are ruests at dinner the steward finds that one or two forks of spoons have taken wings and flows. The lady who in a particular case he helped he souvenir on its journey undoubles, thinks that the Government suffers the laws, and that the Government suffers the laws, and that the Government suffers the babe to stand a little thing like that. As a matter of fact,

the host, or hosts of the evening must pay for the missing articles, except upon some ships where the officers have a regular sinking fund for the purpose. But occasionally some visitors, instead of taking things away, do just the

Then the Ensign told a story of three charming girls who, in making a tour of the ship with him as an escort, were allowed to enter his own quarters. They were particularly interested in the great array of photographs.

"Who is that lovely girl up there?" asked one

of them.

That is the roung lady to whom I am engaged," answered the Ensign.

The girls looked at the picture with renewed why isn't it framed?" asked one. "It

"Byt why isn't it framed?" asked one. "It must be framed."

The Ensign forgot the remark until several days afterward, when he received by mail a letter and a parcel. In the parcel was a pretty pictore frame cainted by hand, with patriotic emblems. The note, written on dainty paper, with a monogram at the top, was as follows:
"Dear Sir: As a little token of appreciation of your kindness to us and to express our thanks to you for a delightful afternoon apent aboard the New York, we send you a frame for That Photograph.

This shall be a keepsake," said the Ensign, as he carefully replaced the note in the envelope. "I also have a pretty shade for my incandescent lamp, which was sent to me by a girl of whose name I am ignorant. My chum has one or two little personal tributes, too. We appreciate them, Pleasant little experiences like these make me almost regret that the New York has been ordered south."

REVOLT AGAINST SILENCE.

How Solitary Confinement Prisoners Rest Themselves in the Evening Hours. From the Philadelphia Evening Telegraph.

When the presumptive system of segregate confinement enforced at the Eastern Penitentiary aroused the indignation of Charles Dickens and his trenchant pen gave expres sion to his horror of such punishment, the institution on Fairmount avenue was given a sinister reputation beyond its deserts. Since the great novelist wrote in terms so severe of solitary imprisonment the results obtained by the management of the prison here have re futed in the main the strictures passed upon the Eastern Penitentiary. Penologists have given their testimony in favor of the system which Dickens condemned, and solitary con finement is in vogue in many of the peniten tiaries of the country. If enforced to the letter and a man was compelled to sit within a narrow cell day after day with nothing but his own thoughts to occupy his mind, then, indeed, solitary confinement would be a barbarity that would shame eivilization and humanity. Madness and death could only result in the majority of cases.

ness and death convicted man stands before ity of cases.

But when the convicted man stands before his judge to receive his punishment and listens to the words "solitary confinement," their terror is lightened by the merciful provision that his loneliness shall be relieved by "hard labor." Then, too, the crowded condition of

to the words "solitary confinement," their terror is lightened by the merciful provision that his loneliness shall be relieved by "hard labor." Then, too, the crowded condition of the Eastern Penitentlary requires that two, and frequently three, convicts shall be confined in the same cell, and the "solitary confined in the same has the company of his fellows as legal fection.

While a man has the company of his fellows and the boon of work in the prison there is imposed upon him a punishment the severity and irksomeness of which can only be apprehended in life full force by one who has undergone it. The punishment is silence. Throughout the day no man date speak to his fellow save of necessity or by stealth. To a man who has yielded to temptation and fallen from an honorable place in society the need of buman sympathy, the sound of a kindly voice, a friendly ear into which to pour the torturing surgings of his mind is most necessary, and must make this imposed silence terrible to bear.

The prison authorities recognize the severity of the punishment of these long brooding hours and the mental strain imposed on the convict. Many in passing the penitentiary in the early hours of the evening must have been startted by the cries and tumult echoing from behind its stone walls, and wondered as they hurried by if a bloody revolt was going on within. A revolt it is, indeed, that nightly takes place, but it is the revolt of overburdened hearts, of anguished souls, and black, evil minds against the silence they have writhed under during the day. From 6 o clock until 9 each night the ban of silence is raised, and the immates of the prison are free to give vent to the tumult of their minds.

Locked there in their cells the great majority of the prisoners await eagerly the hour of 6. At the given time p

silence once once more broods over the gloon place, and fortunate the man who finds fre

NOTHING THE MATTER.

The Wrong Impression of a Manager Corrected by a Cool Customer. From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A quietly dressed man whose smooth-shaven, bluish jaw gave him the aspect of an actor walked into an uptown restaurant a few evenings ago and ordered quite a substantial meal He ate leisurely and at the end of the repast lit a cigarette. The waiter presented a check for \$1.40. "I have no money," said the stranger, pushing aside the slip. "Sir!" said the aston-ished garçon. The other repeated his statement and went on smoking.

The waiter hesitated a moment, then scurried across to the manager and whispered in his ear. The latter strode over to the table. "What's the The latter strode over to the table. "What's the trouble, sir?" he asked politely enough. "Nothing." replied the diner placidly. "The waiter says you won't pay." "The waiter's wrong; I said I had no money." The manager began to lose his patience. "Do you mean you ain't going to pay this check?" he asked curtly. "I can't." There was a pause and the two men studied each other. "So you came in here," said the manager finally. "and ordered a big meal, knowing you were broke and couldn't settle?" "I did," replied the other, still perfectly cool. "Well, what made you do it?" exclaimed the manager in a burst of exasperation. "Because I wanted the meal." There was another nause. "Fir have you arrested." said the manager. "For what?" "For obtaining goods under false pretences." "What pretence did I make?" asked the stranger, calmly, "Oh, well, you can't come in and take our food that way!" "Yes, I can—I've just done it, "said the other, removing the ash from his cigarette. The manager scratched his head. "Get out." he said, abruptly, "and don't try this again."

The quiet man reached for his hat and waiked away, puffing his cigarette. "Id rather lose the amount than have a disturbance, said the manager, "but I must say he's the coolest hand I ever struck." In the excitement nobody noticed that the stranger had carried off his check. Half an hour later it came back in an envelope with \$1.40 in silver. "It was a bet." was scrawled in pencil on the back. trouble, sir?" he asked politely enough. "Noth-

KIPLING AND THE ELEPHANT.

An American's Story of the Englishman's Kindness to a Sick Stranger. From the Argonaut.

One afternoon we went together to the Zoo, and, while strolling about, our ears were assailed by the most melancholy sound I have ever heard, a complaining, fretting, lamenting sound, proceeding from the elephant house.
"What's the matter in there?" asked Mr. Kipling of the keeper.
"A sick elephant, sir; he cries all the time;

we don't know what to do with him." was the answer.

Ar. Kipling hurried away from me in the direction of the lament, which was growing louder and more pitiful. I followed and saw him go up close to the cage, where stood an elephant with sadly drooped ears and trunk. He was erying actual tears at the same time that he mourned his lot most audibly. In another moment Mr. Kipling was right up at the bars, and I heard him speak to the sick beast in a language that may have been elephantese, but certainly was not English. Instantly the whining stopped, the sars were lifted, the monster turned his sleepy little suffering eyes upon his visitor and put out his trunk. Mr. Kipling began to caress it, still speaking in the same soothing tone and in words unintelligible to me, at least. After a few minutes the beast began to answer in a much lower tone of voice, and evidently recounted his woes. Possibly elephants, when "enjoying poor health," like to confide their symptoms to sympathizing listeners as much as do some human invalids. Certain it was that Mr. Kipling and that elephant carried on a conversation, with the result that the elephant found his spirits much cheered and improved. The whine went out of his voice. He lorgot that he was much to be pitied; he Legan to exchange experiences with his friend, and he was quite unconscious, as was Mr. Kipling. of the amused and interested crowdicollecting about the cage. At last, with a start, Mr. Kipling lound him self and his elephant the observers of all observers and beat a hasty retreat, leaving behind him a very different creature from the one he had found.

"Doesn't that beat anything you ever saw?" ejaculated a compatriot of mine, as the elehant trumpeted a loud and cheerful good-hy to the back of his vanishing visitor, and I agreed with him that it did.

"What language were you talking to that elephant?" I asked when I overtook my friend.
"Language? What do you mean?" he answered with a laugh.

"Are you a Mowgil?" I persisted, "and can you talk to all those beasts in their own tongoes?" but he only smiled in reply. Mr. Kipling hurried away from me in the

SETTLEMENT OF INDIA.

Punishments Inflicted on the Women in the Prison-Receptions Where the Brides Are Chosen - The Courtship - Their Married Life on a Prison Island.

"I have known of some queer marriages in twenty years I have knocked about the world," said a sea Captain the other day, "but I think the pairing off of the jailbirds at Andaman was the strangest thing of them all. For a couple of years I commanded the steamer that runs down monthly from Calcutta to the penal colony for British India on the Andaman and Nicobar Islands. I was a youngster then and interested in all sorts of things, and it didn't take me long to strike up an acquaintance with the Chief Commissioner or President of the colony, who used to let me go all over the place. The female prison was an object of special interest to me, and I must have been an object of special interest to the prisoners, for, except the gray-haired Superintendent, they didn't see a man from one year's end to another. I had a smattering of the language, and enjoyed several harmless flirtations with dusky beauties whose eccentricities even India had been unable to put up with.

The prison is as inaccessible as any sultan's harem. It is built on a promontory and protected on the side toward the sea by a sheer diff 200 feet high, while on the land side the grounds are surrounded by a fifteen-foot wall. There are several guards stationed at the entrance, and in order to get by the first of these man has to give a certain password. In return this guard gives him another password, which takes him by the second, and so on, past half a dozen, maybe. These police, as they are called, are the oldest and most hideous women in the jail. To be eligible a woman must have gray hair and a face that would stop a clock, besides a record for sobriety and obedience. "All the convicts went down from Calcutta in

my boat, and when I saw them afterward in the prison they always remembered me, and ome of them would have fallen on my neck if they hadn't been afraid of the superintendent, who was generally alongside of me. All the prisoners have to work, and in the female prison they weave all the cloth for the men's clothes and their own, and make them up, too, I believe. If any of the women refuse to do their stint of work they are punished. The first punishment is to cut off their hair. This they don't like very much, and the threat of it will generally bring them to terms, for they are just as vain as other women, and don't want their long hair cut off. If this doesn't convince them that it's better to work in the shop, they are made to wear men's clothes and work in the grounds, which are beautifully kept, entirely by the women prisoners. The trousers and jackets given to those who are punished in this way are of the coarsest material, and are very unbecoming, and the women have to trundle wheelbarrows and dig in the dirt, just like men. If even this fails, they are further punished by being put to sleep in

the dirt, just like men. If even this fails, they are further nunished by being put to sleep in a cell with the floor covered by branches laid in rows, and then in cross rows, grill fashion. The branches are full of sharp thorns, which make it impossible to stand, sit, or lie down in comfort. Generally one night of this is enough to make the worst case ready for the workroom, but there was one girl who stood the extreme penalty of three nights in this room, and still refused to do a lick of work. She was a mighty pretty woman, and had been sent to the island for murdering her lover. She made nothing but trouble from the day she came into the jail. She wouldn't work, and nothing could make her work, so finally they gave her up as a bad job, and made her sit all day long in the workroon in men's clothes on a sort of elevated dunce block. One day I got the superintendent to give me her history. It's too long to tell now, but it's enough to'make your hair curl. She'll never get a chance to make one of the marriages I'm going to tell you about, because those are rewards for good behavior, and she is the worst woman on the island.

"When they have maybe a dozen ticket-of-leave men and women, they have a sort of materimonial reception. If any matches are made, the couples are allowed to be up to the Nicobar group some distance away and settle on the Government land. There they get a certain number of acres, a hut and some commissary stores, and are left to themselves. The tickets of leave don't take them anywhere except to the Nicobars, for they nearly all have life sentences. These matrimonial receptions are the funniest things I ever saw. The men are brought one by one into a sort of reception room, where the women are standing in a long row. There are generally several breaks in the line, to sevarate those of different castes and religions, for they are very particular about that in India. Some of these men haven't seen a woman for ten years, maybe, and they look very curiously at them. When a man is brought into t here are, mayor, bligion on the eligible list, and he is take a first one in the row. If, after talking

his age, the crime he is there for, and so on. There are, maybe, half a dozen women of his religion on the eligible list, and he is taken to the first one in the row. If, after talking with her a few minutes, he doesn't think he would like her, he goes on to the next one. He is always covertly casting his eye along the line to see if there are any further down that he likes better than those near the too. Sometimes he sees one near the ead of the line that takes his fancy, and he will walk straight by all the others and go to her. If she likes him, too, they go up to the table and her history is read to him. He may possibly object to the crime she was sent up for, and if so the affair is declared off; but usually there is no trouble about that, for if a man likes the looks of a woman he doesn't care how she came to be there. It would generally be a case of the pot calling the kettle black, anyway.

"If a man goes all through the line and doesn't find one that quite satisfies him, he sometimes wants to take one further up that he has before passed by as not quite good enough. But do you think she will have anything to do with him then? Not much. She will look at him as if he were dirt, and hold her neek as stiff as a poker.

"When they have paired off as many as possible the keeps let the different couples go out and walk about in the grounds for the rest of the afternoon, by get acquainted with each other and snark a little, maybe. Sometimes they don't make more than one or two matches in a whole afternoon for they are very hard to suit, those convicts, though you would think they'd be glad to get anybody or anything, just for a change of life from that in the jail. "These marriage parties always take place on a Saturday, and just a week from that day the man is allowed to visit the woman again for an hour and continue their acquaintance. If at the end of three Saturdays they are still of the same mind, they are married and taken on the boat down to the Nicobars where they begin their marriage parties always ta

ful and full of fever that people don't live very long there.

"There is only one resident officer at the Nicobar colony, for there has only been one Englishman found who could stand the climate. He lives there all alone with the contest, and though the Government has built him a fine house he leads the loneliest kind of life, for, of course, he can't keep a family there, because they would get the fever and die inside of six months. The Chief Commissioner of Andaman comes down to see him occasionally."

BROTHERHOOD OF THE WEATHER. A City Dweller's Joy in the Bulletins in His Neighborhood Post Office. A city dweller who had read in the papers

about how in distant parts of the country, where there were no daily papers, the Govern ment weather report was posted daily in the oca! Post Office, where the farmers and others interested could see it, was himself interested to discover that that same weather report, or the discover that that same weather report, or the one for this locality, is put up in the Post Office here; he has found it regularly in the branch Post Office where he goes to buy his stamps and mail his letters.

There is very little farming land around the branch Post Office, the land thereabouts being devoted principally to bricks and mortar; but the city dweller who reads the notice there feels himself thereby put quick in touch, as the saying goes, with the agricultural interest, and he feels himself impelled, if not to go and get in his hav, at least to get out his goloshes.

Though he may already have read it in his evening paper, the weather report seen here appeals to him with a new and novel interest. As he turns in here from a busy thoroughfare and walks up to the bulletin, he can't help thinking of the man in cowhide boots and slouch hat stepping, at that very moment perhaps, from a mudy country road into some far-distant Post Office to scan the bulletin there. And this sort of thing makes him feel that we're all citizens alike in this big outfit; and that, while the Government may not always perhaps get the prediction exactly right, there's nothing mean or sg mpy about the distribution of the bulletins. the one for this locality, is put up in the Post

CABLE GIRDLE ABOUT THE EARTH. Sir Sanford Fleming's Proposed System t

Connect the British Empire OTTAWA, Dec. 10 .- Sir Sanford Fleming of Ottawa recently addressed a letter to the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain on the subject of a State system of electric cables for the British empire to circle the earth. The Pacific cable he says, would serve the purpose of trade be tween Australasia and Canada, but these countries are debarred from establishing telegraphic connection with Hong Kong by an agreement with the Eastern Extension Telegraph Company, excluding Canada and the Southern colonies from that port, Sir Sanford admits that the proposal for the establishment of a Pacific cable would undoubtedly interfere with the rich monopoly of the Eastern Extension Company, but he holds that no private com pany should be allowed to stand in the way when great imperial interests are at stake

He lays it down as essential to the imperial

cable service that none of the lines shall touch

foreign soil, and that they shall be placed so as

to avoid shallow seas, more especially those

seas in proximity to any country likely at any time to prove unfriendly. He thus describes the imperial telegraphic circuit of the globe Beginning at Vancouver, the cable would cross the Pacific to New Zealand and Australia; from Australia the main line would cross the Indian Ocean to South Africa; Irom South Africa it would traverse the Atlantic to Canada, where it would connect with the transatlantic lines. Such a system would constitute a base for connecting every of the British possessions and coaling not provided in the British possession by a Branch cable possession by a Branch cable. Bringapore is already in connection with Hong Kong by an all-British cable via Labuan, and the Government can take possession by giving a twelve months' notice to the Eastern Extension Company, India could be reached by a branch from Cocos te Colombo or Trincomalee in Ceylon. At Mauritius a connection would be formed with the existing cable to Seychelles. Aden and Bombay.

In order to avoid the shallow seas along the west coasts of Africa, Spain, Portugal and France, it is proposed that a cable should extend from Cape Town to Bermuda, touching at St. Helena, Ascension, and Barbados as midocean stations. At Bermuda a connection would be formed with the existing cable to Seychelles. As and the British proposal provided the British proposal provided the British proposal provided the British provided the British provided the British the Canadian and transatlantic lines.

Sir Sanford Fleming estimates the distances each group of cables would cover as follows: Pacific Ocean, 7,150 knots; Indian Ocean, 9,100 knots; Thave long advocated the first division of the proposal—the establishment of a cable from Cape Town to Bermuda, touching at St. Helena, British telegraph system embracing the whole empire. As a State undertaking I am satisfied that t Ocean to South Africa; from South Africa it would traverse the Atlantic to Canada, where it

CANADIAN WOOD PULP.

Conflicting Representations Made to the Commissioners in Washington. QUEBEC, Dec. 10.-Strong representations are

eing made to the Canadian Commissioners in Washington by the various Canadian pulp. spruce and paper interests. They are conflicting in character and must prove very embarrassing to Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his col leagues.

In the interests of Canadian labor an export duty is urged upon pulp wood. This is opposed by several of the American holders of spruce limits in Canada. Pulp manufacturers would like to get their product free into the United States, and as to paper, there is a difference of opinion between consumers and manufacturers, for the manufactured product is turned out cheaper in the United States than in Canada. Pulp, on the other hand, on account of cheap labor and the enormous water powers where the best pulp wood is found, can be produced cheaper in parts of Canada than anywhere else. Thus Secretary Alger's company manufactures all its own pulp in its Canadian mills at Grand Mere, on the River St. Maurice, of which Russell Alger, Jr., is manager. Sir William Van Horne is largely interested in this company, which has already expended \$2,000,000 upon its works at Grand Mere. Its output is enormous. Within the last year a town of 2,000 people has sprung up Mere last week, and arrangements have been

about the mills. Secretary Alger was at Grand Mere last week, and arrangements have been made for adding a paper mill to the present pulp establishment there. The product is destined for the American market.

Another American company is constructing enormous pulp mills at Shawenegan Falls on the St. Maurice, but is not likely to go into the paper business. The industry is assuming enormous proportions in northern Canada. An English syndicate has secured from the Ontario Government a concession of seventy-five square miles of spruce lands along the Sturgeon River upon condition that \$1,000,000 be spent in plant and machinery. Six mills are to be erected, to employ \$2,500,000. Owing to the large concession given by the Government, this syndicate will be able to produce pulp at about \$2 a cord, or little more than one-third what it costs the American paper manufacturers, who, after bringing it to their mills, are able to export hundreds of thousands of pounds worth of paper to England. It is argued from this in some quarters that Canadian paper mills may now become successful competitors for this trade. Those who best understand its difficulties believe, on the other hand, that it is safer for Canada to continue the development of its pulp trade than to go any more heavily into the manufacture of paper. They say that the latter requires cheap and convenient supplies of coal and chemicals, which as yet are not readily obtainable near the Canadian to crests, and that America and England must for many a day have the advantage over Canada in paper making. For pulp, which is now so cheaply made in Canada, there is a boundless outlet, and a new company of British capitalists offers to creet a mill on the Grand Discharge in the Lake St. John district, on certain conditions, to cost \$2,000,000 and to turn out 450,000 tons of pulp a year.

EFOLUTION OF THE COAL CART. And a Look Ahead to the Time When It Shall Be Seen Only in Museums.

In the evolution of the coal cart that vehicle has developed from the old single-ton dump cart to the big five-ton wagon, and the ma-jority of the wagons used nowadays, of whatver size or form of construction, are equipped with a delivery chute, single length or telescopic, by means of which the coal is delivered direct into coal holes or cellarways. There are, nowadays, great coal wagons with livery ports, which do not have to back up to the sidewalk, but are unloaded sidewise.

All these things, however, apply only to the delivery of coal to a lower level by gravity. Where coal is still taken up it is carried in the old ways. If in business or other establishment where coal is used in stoves, it is shov-elled into boxes or barrels on the sidewalk and then holsted up. But this way of taking in coal is now seldom seen. As the old-fashioned hoisting apparatus with its dangling rope has now been almost universally superseded by some form of elevator, so has the use of stoves

some form of elevator, so has the use of stoves in these establishments to a very great extent been superseded by steam heaters, where the coal is burned in the cellar and the resulting heat sent up in pipes.

In dwellings, more and more, the custom now is to get fitel for cooking purposes, and more or less for heating also, poped in the form of gas. There are now plenty of families that have ceased entirely to buy coal. Living in flats, they get steam heat, for which the coal is bought and burned by the owner, while for their cooking they burn gas. It seems reasonable to suppose that in the not very distant future the use of gas for fuel will largely increase; that private consumers at least will, for all purposes, use fuel in that form, and that the coal to produce it wis be burned economically at your central stations, and the gas fuel piped to the consumer. In that case even the highly developed nineteenth century coal wagon sould practically disappear from residence parts of the city. Looking still further into the future, it seems possible that the day may come when far greater economics yet will be practiced, when the coal will be burned in great plants at the mouth of the pit and the product in gas be piped to centres of consumption. Then will the coal wagon disappear from use and be no longer seen save as an interesting exhibit in the museums.

HOT-STOVE PARLIAMENT.

SOME OF OUR EMINENT CITIZENA DISCUSS THE PHILIPPINES.

Dr. Gimlets, Buttons, High-Hat Haggerty, Stars the Astrologer, Gabby Jones, the German Professor, Count de Bats and Amen Smith Consider the Position. The "reg lars" had assembled in the reading room of the old Bowery lodging house, discussing "big fires in old New York," when old

Dr. Gimlets appeared, and, squeezing through the erowd, said: "Get over there; Buttons; Give me a show

at that stove," Buttons, a tall, thin hobe with a grizzly beard, noved a step, and answered in a husky voice: "I'm cold meself. I only had two hookers ter-day. Times is gittin' hard an' de bar-tenders is gittin' harder. If it keeps on like dis, I'll emigrate meself ter de Phil'pine Islands." .

"I see we're goin' ter pay two hundred million dollars ter Spain for thim Philippines, remarked High Hat Haggerty.

"You're mistaken." said a little man with a squeaky voice, who was known in the lodging ouse as Stars the Astrologer. "You're mis taken as to the terms of the treaty.'

"I'm not," replied Haggerty. "Didn't'I read in de paper ter-night? I'll leave it ter Dr. Ginilets-two hundred millions, dat's what we must pay to Spain." "Well, eh, as I understand it," said the doc-

tor, "as I understand it, in the final treaty Spain gives up all claim to Cuba, Porto Rico, the Ladrone Islands and the Philippines. Ther she pays us an indemnity of fifty million dollars for our losses in the war."

"See 'ere, doctor," chimed in Gabby Jones, "see 'cre—this country must pay Spain twenty million bounds. That's 'ow it stands, doctor, and when the treaty is signed in Paris, the"-"Give some one else a show to talk." in-terrupted Haggerty. "Sit down, Gabby, an'

et the German professor say something. The person referred to as the German proessor was a short, stout man, with a long, white beard. He wore green goggles. "Hey, professor," shouted Haggerty, "what's your opinion of the treaty?"

"Vell," said the professor, "if I vere de United States, I vouldn't except der terms. I ink Spain should allowed not be to sell der Phitippinees Island. Vhy should ve not vant to buy someting which ve vant not to use. Dose islands is only good to a foreign gov'ment which would near be to der Chamber of Commerce mit trade. Of course ve are not such a foreign gov'ment. Ve are here not dere. If der islands could be transportationed like a steamboat, den ve here could afford to take dem mitout remanding any identity. But as is it, ve should remand from Spain an identity of fifty million dollar for war ex-

pensentures." "Remember de Maine," said Haggerty, "We ought to make Spain build a new boat for us, What does de Count de Rats tink about it?" "Ze question is for ze great statesmen in Paree." remarked the man addressed as the Count. "Leave it in Parce."

"I'm not agreed by you," said the German professor. "Ve vant not Frenchmen to settle tings for 'Mericans. Ve vant only ourself for such a business. But I tink ve got no need from use of dem islands. Ve might give dem to Amen Schmitt over dere for missionary vork. Vhat?"

"Give Amen Smith a show," said Haggerty. A hatchet-face man whose skin was yellow and dry got up and in a melancholy voice said

"Gentlemen, in my opinion, the United States should buy the islands for the American missionary societies. Here we have to send our American missionaries into China and Africa to look for the uncivilized. We held no possessions with uncivilized subjects, and now's our chance. I'd lead a band from the Bowery Mission, and we could go to the Philippines under the Stars and Stripes to do our mission work, and it would be beautiful—beautiful."

You're crazy!" remarked Buttons. "You

do our mission work, and it would be besutiful—beautiful."
"You're crazy!" remarked Buttons. "You
got tracts in ver head!"
"Amen Smith's all right," said Gabby Jones,
"but 'e' as queer notions. I hunderstand that
the United States hoffered to pay to Spain
an 'undred million pounds sterling, providing
Svain would give up the Canaries. This hoffer
bein 'refused, the United States pays twenty
millions for the other Highlands,"
"What Highlands?" inquired the doctor.
"The Philippines," said Jones.
"Oh," exclaimed the doctor. "But we're to
get the Philippines and twenty millions besides."

sides." Why, the matter's already settled," chimed in Stars the Astrologer. "The United States must pay to Suaiu something like two hundred millions. Then we assume the Cuban debt, which is about fifty millions more, and we give Spain the bones of Columbus."
"You're mistaken," remarked the doctor. "Columbus ain't mentioned in the treaty of

Columbus ain't mentioned in the treat

"Columbus ain't mentioned in the treaty of peace."
"Columbus is mentioned." argued Stars.
"Do you mean Columbus, Ohio," gravely inquired Mr. Smith.
"I'm sneaking of the dead body of Christopher Columbus," remarked Stars.
"Is Columbus dead?" inquired Buttons.
"Yes, and buried, too. "answered Stars.
"Is been coid in his grave for 200 years.
That reminds me that the earth is getting colder every day and every year. In a few years it'll get so coid that we'll be inventing machines to escape to other planets. We'll take Mars for instance."
"Get back to the Philippines," said Haggerty.
"Exactly," continued Stars. "Getting back to the Philippines, we find the United States actually giving money to Snain after giving in the bones of Columbus. And look at all the trouble Spain caused us!"
"Nothink to the trouble you caused Spain." said Jones.
"Yer' true, monsieur," added the Count.

"Nothink to the trouble you added the Count, ver true, monsieur," added the Count, "Ver true! Where is ze navy for Shaint" "At de bottom of de sea wid McGinty," said Buttons, "Spain got not a navy," remarked the irressor. "Vhen he started on der var mit as fessor. "Vhen he started on der var mit as held yet a navy until ve blewed bis abjus

"Spain got not a navy," remarked the prefessor, "Vhen he started on der var mit us
he had yet a navy, until ve blewed his ships
up to der bottom of der ocean. But I tink for
a settlement ve should give Spain back to himself und keep all his Spains is slands und der
money which he never paid for his Spain bonds
on der Cuban debt, together mit der exports,
imports and reports of Porto Rico. Den when
Pres'dent 'Kinley settles der finals mit signing der peace commissioner, everybody vould
be satisfactioned.
"You're mistaken, professor," remarked
Dr. Gimiets, "The President of the United
States don't have to sign the treaty. That is
the duty of the Senate, If the Senate apmoves of the 'erms of settlement, the treaty
hen goes to the Cabinet and the Cabinet members all have a say,"
"De Cab'net got nawthin' ter do wid it," said
Haggerty.
"Nor gentlemen, the United States Senate

bers all have a say."

"The Cab'net got nawthin' ter do wid it," said Haggerty.

"Nor, gentlemen, the United States Senate, either," added Amen Smith.

"Pardons, monsieur, but Congress conseeders it after," remarked the Count.

"You keep quiet," said Haggerty. "You're supposed to be dead. Just tink to yourself dat you're de ting dat's in de box dat's in de hearse at de head of de funeral. See,"

"The H'American Parliament hat Washington as the last say over the treaty," remarked Jones. "I ove, owever, they reject the Philippines. Why that nigger Haguinaldo demands 5,000 bounds from the United States ter keep is face clean.

"Nonsense," said Dr., Gimlets. "Aguinaldo is a rebel. We'll let him smell bewer's powder, and he'll drop into the China Sea. But it's useless to discuss the subject. The treaty's been signed, and we'll get twenty millions from Spain.

"Spain is to get twonty millions from us," said Jones.

"Ithe, be Gee, you're all wrong," said Buttons.

"Well, I'm not wrong," remarked the doctor.

"Spain is to get twenty minions from us, said Jones.
"I tink, be Gee, you're all wrong," said Buttons.
"Well, I'm not wrong," remarked the doctor,
"Neither am I." said Jones.
"We'll leave the matter ter Casey, de house clerk," remarked Hargerty.
"Good!" exclaimed Jones. "Mr. Casey reads the newspapers carefully. We'll let 'im decide it."
"He's good enough authority for me." remarked Smith.
So it was unanimously agreed to let Casey, the lodging house clerk, render the decision. And when the reg'lars gathered about Mr. Casey and explained matters, he spat over the stove and said:
"De hull treaty's settled an' signed. We keep de United States wid Cuha an'- Porter Rickey an' de Canaries an' de Fillioines. Den we give Spain back to de Spanish an' de Peace Commissioners sign de Spanish ouds. Aside from dis, de Yaliare, dem's de Spanish dey give us a coal mine in de Ladrone Islands, so we can coal up our shirs, and we agree to use Mexico dollars in de Phillioines. But Spain goes back to de Spanish just like it was before de war. Dat's de hull treaty, gents, an' dere's my decision."
Then the crowd went back to their seate about the stove and thought forevis my decision."
Then the crowd went back to their seate about the stove and thought it stands dot der treaty ain't yet signed."
That night Casey refused to sell a bed to the professor, so the professor went up to Flynn's, where it cost him five cents more under the sign that reads, "Lodgings, 20 cents."

Language his comment of the same

Standard a portional on several above the several services.